Pump It Up, Baby

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Pump It Up, Baby

by DancingSkys

Summary

Of course Namjoon knows exactly what Yoongi likes and what he needs to feel good.
Sometimes he just has to convince him to trust him.

Notes

Sorry cookies for not updating for a while. I wanted to tackle some requsts but sadly I lacked motivation and I wasn't really happy with the other parts I've already written.
Tomorrow morning I have to take my sister to the airport at 5am and I'm really nervous because I've never driven an unfamiliar route all alone *screams into the void* When I'm nervous my stomach always acts up... T.T why is this my life?

But yeah, I was accepted at an university so that's nice... First semester includes higher programming languages *opns window and screams again* I'm so gonna go down but yeah... I'll also be taking Journalismn so maybe I can improve my writing a bit through that... who knows...

Anyway, since I've already tackled watersports I thought this would be the next step and can we just say I really enjoyed writing Yoongi's parts in this. Huhuhu, poor baby, I'm so evil... No really, I love my little watermelon ＜3

I'm rambling, I'm so sorry, I'm just nervous haha. SEND HELP!

Okay, I hope you'll like this. I'll check this again once I'm back... if I don't get lost on the highway.... Bye bye~~

DancingSkys

No.

No, no, no, no, no.

“Aww, come on, it’s nothing bad,” Namjoon said with a smile that was borderline to a grin but Yoongi just continued glaring daggers at him, pouting slightly but if you asked him he’d deny it of course.

“No.”

“Why not?” Namjoon asked, still as smug as ever, and scooted closer, pulling Yoongi between his legs, back to chest. “I’m pretty sure you’d like it.”

“It’s strange,” the younger muttered. “It’s not strange, honey. You’ll be sparkling clean afterwards.” He was elbowed for that comment but after a short wheeze he had to laugh again. “Oh, come on. You’re just shy, I know you like feeling full.”

Yoongi ducked his head and pulled up his shoulders as the older put both of his hands onto his stomach with a bit of pressure. Damn Kim Namjoon for knowing what turned him on and what he liked. He couldn’t even deny it because the older knew how much he always drooled over the thick and long dildos they had.

Damn Kim Namjoon for playing dirty like that.

“I know you’d love it. Imagine being so full you little tummy would be starting to swell, it would be all pumped full and you would feel it inside of you and-”

“Stop it!” Yoongi whined, embarrassed beyond belief and wiggling out of Namjoon’s hold, crawling over to the other end of the couch and curling into himself. “You just wanna see me crying and begging,” he grumbled with a pout, not really resisting being pulled back across the elder’s legs, back arched slightly uncomfortably as he stared up at the lawyer, shoulders pressing into the couch. “Oh, I like it when you cry and beg but I also like making you feel good and I know you’d enjoy it,” he said, rubbing over Yoongi stomach. “Think about it, pumpkin.”

Damn fucking Kim Namjoon for planting the seed of that stupid idea into Yoongi's poor, innocent - cough cough - brain. He couldn't stop thinking about what the lawyer had suggested, finding himself squirming uncomfortably during lectures and getting all hot and bothered whenever he allowed his mind wander.

The older was right, he loved feeling full, the phrasing alone drove him up the wall. He liked it when Namjoon said how good he looked all stuffed full, when he had a big dildo pushed into him, feeling the burning stretch and the way it felt inside, almost as if it was pushing his organs out of the way although he knew that wasn't the case. He liked to imagine that it did a noticeable change to his body when the elder's release spilled inside of him although he knew no one would notice anything because the amount was way to insignificant but even then he liked to imagine it, especially when he got to wear a plug afterwards.

It took him a few days of quarreling with his pride before he finally admitted he would like to try it out, waiting for Namjoon to get home and trying his best to busy himself with other things to pass some time.

The lawyer finally got home but somehow Yoongi didn't manage to tell him immediately, still feeling embarrassed so he was mostly silent as they ate dinner, rubbing his thighs together and trying to figure out how to voice what he wanted. Namjoon was still talking about the new folders his secretary had gotten him that were apparently not the same shade of grey that he had before as he finally blurted it out.

"Fine."

Namjoon looked up at him, fork hovering somewhere in front of his mouth and one eyebrow raising in a silent question, not really getting what Yoongi meant which lead to the younger glaring at him with a pout. "I said fine," he grumbled, feeling his cheeks burning. "Fine to what, honey?" Namjoon asked, the student asking himself how someone as dense as the older could work as a - pretty successful - lawyer. Honestly, the other wasn't dense at all, Yoongi was just beyond embarrassed and didn't want to say it out loud. "Fine to… t-that thing," he muttered, looking down.

"That thing?" Namjoon asked and Yoongi groaned loudly. "Forget it." He stood up, putting his dishes into the dishwasher and leaving the kitchen to go sit on the couch in the living room, tugging himself into the very corner and glaring at the opposite wall, blush refusing to go

down. The older joined him a minute later, sitting down and eying him but Yoongi wouldn't give in that quickly. No, no, no, not today.

"Honey," Namjoon called but he didn't move.

"Pumpkin."

"Sweetheart."

"Sunshine."

"Honey boo."

"Cupcake."

"My cute little marshmallow~"

"What?" Yoongi snapped, turning his head to glare at the older who was not really trying to hide his grin which irked the student even further. "You have to talk to me about what you want, honey. I can't read your mind."

"No," the younger said stubbornly, going back to glaring at the wall.

"Aw, come on, don't be like that," Namjoon said, the other hearing him move behind him and dreading what was about to come. "Don't you dare," he warned but of course the older didn't pay any mind to his warning so Yoongi quickly jumped to his feet, wanting to flee to the safety of any other room to avoid a tickle attack but just as he was trying to rush past the couch the back of his sweater was grabbed, holding him in place and he yelped as he was pulled over the backrest of the couch a moment later, his view tilting. "Namjoon!" he yelped, scrambling to hold onto something but the older just laughed, catching him in his arms.

"Come on, you know I have my ways of getting you to talk," he lawyer said, stroking the younger's cheek who was still kind of recovering from his small, almost-heart-attack.

"But I don't wanna say it," Yoongi said after a moment, writhing around until he could plant his face into a pillow, still lying across the elder's lap. Namjoon sighed softly and stroked his back. "Do you mean the thing I suggested a few days ago?" The younger perked up at that, turning his head ever so slightly to look back at the other. "So you knew what I was talking about?" he asked, the older just grinning sheepishly. "Meanie," the student grumbled, pushing his face back

into the cushion. “But yes.”

“Why don’t you just say so, you know I wouldn’t judge you,” Namjoon said now in a serious tone, still stroking his boyfriend’s back. “Because it’s embarrassing… you’re gonna pump me full of water, I’m gonna be crying and begging like stupid and I’m gonna… s-spill all that water again and probably get off on that alone,” he mumbled into the pillow, turning his head slightly to the side once he had to breath so he wouldn’t suffocate. “It’s stupid.”

The older sighed faintly, rubbing the students lower back. “It doesn’t matter what it is that you like as long as it’s done safely. So what if you like being tied up or having a huge dildo up your ass or being choked or being slapped or acting like an animal or wearing costumes or whatever?”

Yoongi shifted a bit. “Yoongi, look at me please,” Namjoon said softly, the younger sitting up and looking at his boyfriend, his head still lowered. “Come here,” he patted his lap, the other crawling closer and resting his head on the lawyer’s shoulder once he was settled, hands curling into his shirt.

“You don’t have to be embarrassed about what you like,” he said. “If it makes you feel good and doesn’t harm you why not do it? This is what this is all about, honey. I want to make you feel good and I like making you feel good no matter how. You’re always so good to me, the least I can do is make sure to do what you enjoy but for that you have to tell me. I know you have things you want to try that you don’t tell me about and you don’t have to but I’m all for exploring and trying things out,” Namjoon explained softly.

“But ‘m still embarrassed ‘bout it,” Yoongi mumbled quietly. “You don’t have to be,” the elder reminded him. “You can tell me everything, no matter if it’s bedroom talk or not. You know that, right?” The younger nodded his head. “Good, because I don’t want you to be too embarrassed or afraid of talking to me.”

“‘m not.”

Namjoon kissed his boyfriend’s cheek. “That’s good then.”

“But you too.”

“Hm?”

Yoongi lifted his head to look up at him. “You can tell me everything

too.”

The older smiled softly. “I know.”

“You ready, baby?” Namjoon asked, Yoongi swallowing and nodding his head, legs already shaking and heart up in his throat. “Yes, sir.”

Namjoon had taken it upon himself to finger him before, all while whispering the utmost lewdest things into his ear the whole time, making Yoongi shake all over and begging to be allowed to come but of course he wasn’t allowed to so here he was, standing in the middle of the bathroom completely naked and with a buttplug inside of him, cock hard and breath laboured already.

“Come here, you know what to do.”

The sub nodded his head again, moving over to the elder who had prepared everything and kneeling down onto the soft carpet on all fours before leaning down so his chest was on the floor as well, spreading his legs a bit more and cheeks turning red at the position he was honestly very familiar with but still brought rosiness to his cheeks.

“Good boy,” Namjoon murmured behind him and he shivered at the praise. He felt the elder hooking a finger through the small ring at the base of the buttplug he was wearing and slowly easing it out, the younger feeling a trickle of lube slowly running down the inside of his thigh. The elder smoothed a hand over his back, rubbing back and forth before going across his butt and finally around to his flat stomach. “You wanna feel full, baby?” he asked in a husky whisper after he had leaned over the younger, chest pressing against his arched back and making him feel caged. “Y-yes, sir,” the younger almost whimpered, thighs shaking slightly. “I’m gonna pump you so full it’s gonna hurt, your little tummy will be all bloated and swollen and so round. Do you want that, baby? Do you wanna have a swollen tummy?” the dom asked lowly, pressing against the younger’s stomach and the latter almost sobbed. “Yes, yes, yes, sir, please,” he begged, Namjoon chuckling behind him. “Begging already. What a good boy you are for me. You’re gonna take it all, won’t you? Take it all until you’ll feel like bursting, until it’s dripping out of you and you just can’t stop it but you’ll still want more, won’t you, baby? You’ll be

begging for more, for me to pump you full until you pass out right here with your belly so big and round that you won't be able to move anymore."

A choked whimper slipped past the younger's lips, nodding his head and squeezing his eyes shut. "P-please, sir," he whimpered, trembling in the elder's hold who chuckled faintly. "You look so good like this, baby." He kissed along his sub's spine, one hand smoothing circles over his left buttcheeks while the other was still pressed against his stomach. He leaned back after a while, Yoongi already panting against the soft carpet and shaking in anticipation. A thin piece of round shape plastic was pushed into the sub's entrance without much resistance, still making him gasp softly and jerk slightly but his dom's weight held him down and in position, letting the small tube enter him obediently and kind of able to feel that it was attached to a hose.

"Ready?" Namjoon breathed into his ear and he swallowed thickly, whispering a faint 'Yes, sir' back. The elder removed the clamp around the hose and let the water run without an obstacle to keep it away, the sub whining softly and twitching slightly as he felt the liquid entering him at a steady pace. It was completely silent except for Yoongi pants and occasional, small sounds, eyes closed and mouth open to breathe freely.

He felt his belly starting to feel heavier after a while, fuller and almost weighing him down. His skin was stretching to accommodate all the water inside of him, drawing another whine out of him. His dom straightened up slightly and moved both hands over his sides and to his stomach to feel his belly growing.

"Good boy," he said huskily. "Taking it all. Look at how big you already are, such a round belly. Must be feeling so full, my little sub."

Yoongi whined softly, moving his hips slightly but the piece of plastic stayed inside of him and the water continued running. He was starting to feel really full, more than after a huge meal. The skin of his belly was starting to hurt slightly but he loved it, he loved the feeling of being pumped full without having control over it way too much and Namjoon knew it, probably smirking behind him like crazy.

He tried shifting away to slow down the rush of water but it didn't change, the liquid still trickling inside of him and he clawed on the carpet, moaning openly and his hips jerking every now and them.

"Fuck, baby, you look so good, so full for me. Letting me pump you

full," Namjoon murmured and Yoongi whined, tears pooling in his eyes but not spilling just yet.

"S-s-sir- AaAhh…" the sub needed a few moments to regain his breath. "Nngh… h-hurts."

"Yeah? Does it hurt, baby? Does it hurt to be pumped so full, to be stretched so wide, to have a belly this big?"

Yoongi wailed and nodded his head desperately, belly continuing to grow. "S-sir… s-so much," he stammered, the dom rubbing over his swollen belly. "Is it a lot, baby? Look how big at you are."

The younger sobbed. "F-feel so good, s-sir."

The older chuckled. "We can put in more, you can take it, baby. I'm sure you can. You're gonna feel so full, so full for me, baby. You look so pretty." He kissed the younger's trembling back, looking up at the water container that was almost empty and judging from Yoongi's writhing and his sobs he probably wouldn't be able to take more than that anyway. He continued to whisper filthy things into Yoongi's ear, the younger crying softly and saying that it was too much, too much until the rush of water had ended, the sub's whole body shaking and gasping for breath with tears rolling down his flushed cheeks.

Namjoon rubbed his back for a while before picking up another buttplug that was a lot thicker and longer and would make sure all the water stayed inside his lovely sub. "Sir is gonna plug you up baby, stuff you all nicely and make you feel so good," he said lowly and Yoongi just sniffled, nodding his head and curling his fingers into the carpet.

The elder eased out the small plastic tube and immediately pushed the plug into its place to avoid any water from spilling, Yoongi choking slightly and adjusting to the stretch. Namjoon wrapped his arms around him and pulled him up into a sitting position, the younger crying out and scrambling slightly as the water sloshed around inside of him, afraid of it all coming out immediately but it didn't, trapped in place because of the plug. He was breathing harshly and tugged his legs close to his chest before the elder nudged them apart so he wouldn't be able to hide, looking over the younger's shoulder and admiring his work.

His sub really was pumped full. His belly didn't show just a small, slight swell but it had grown a lot in size, more than he had ever seen before and it was so, so fucking sex and hot. His hands wandered all

over the soft skin, feeling the swelling beneath his palms and pressing against it softly, causing Yoongi to whine and arch his back, chest heaving with every breath he took.

“Look at you, baby,” Namjoon said with a slightly strained voice, incredibly hard in his pants. “Look at your belly, look at how big you are. Do you like it? Do you like feeling so full, having sir pump you full until your sobbing and crying and having your little belly be so big, to be so swollen that I’m sure you’ll waddle when you walk.”

His sub was full on crying again, a completely mess in his lap and nodding his head desperately, sobbing small ‘Yes, sir’s and ‘Please’s in between.

“My poor baby,” Namjoon cooed, pressing against the younger’s belly yet again and making him cry out. “You’re so hard. My poor baby is so hard. We can’t let you be like that, baby, look at you. Let sir help you.” He wrapped one hand around the younger’s leaking cock, tugging a bit before pumping his hand up and down which drove his sub up the wall, scrambling to hold onto something before one of his hands was guided back to his dom’s own hard length and he immediately went to work, two fingers being pushed into his mouth and muffling his moans slightly. It was messy and wet, drool running down his chin and throat as Namjoon trusted his fingers in deep, Yoongi coating them with his saliva as they pushed around his tongue and pressed in deeper. This paired together with the hand around his cock was just too much. He jerked and whined loudly, Namjoon thankfully allowing him to come without him asking for once since he wouldn’t have been able to anyway, telling him that it was okay and to let go.

The elder followed shortly, forcing his sub to lick his own hand clean that was coated with the dom’s cum before he allowed him to have a moment to regain his breath, hands back to his swollen belly again while Yoongi managed to croak an out of pitch ‘Thank you, sir’. He really, really loved the feeling of his sub’s big belly underneath his palms.

“S-s-sir… hu-urts,” the sub said after a while, sounding more like he was babbling incoherently but the elder understood anyway, since he knew how enemas worked. “You’re getting cramps, baby. Does it wanna come out?” he asked almost too sweetly and his sub nodded his head with a sniffle. “Y-yes, sir, h-hurts.”

“Alright, baby.” He stood up and lifted Yoongi to his feet as well, the

younger whimpering and pressing his knees together, biting his lip as he felt all the water weighing down. “Come here.” He followed his dom’s command and carefully shuffled over to the toilet, the elder moving him to sit down with spread legs and his hands in front of him which was embarrassing beyond believe. His head hung low in embarrassment, cheeks flushed and still panting.

The elder reached down and worked the plug out of him, the sub gasping and holding his breath as a rush of water escaped him, tensing up and stopping the flow. His eyes were wide and his body and was shaking.

The dom chuckled and moved in front of his sub to kiss him, the younger loosing up in response which caused another rush of water to escape him. After that it took a little bit of effort to get it to come out, the elder massaging his belly gently and Yoongi trying his best to relax and just… let go, somehow feeling beyond humiliated that there were seemingly endless amounts of water escaping him without control but Namjoon seemed to love it and he did too in all honesty, loving to feel small and helpless under his dom’s command.

It took quite a while but after around fifteen minutes most of the water seemed to have left Yoongi again, his stomach still a little bit swollen and feeling stretched.

Namjoon helped his sub to stand before flushing the toilet and angling his head to kiss the younger once more before getting in the shower with him and cleaning up both of them, the student looking a bit out of it and dazed afterwards when he dried them off. “You did such a good job, baby, letting sir pump you full and holding it in so well. You’re such a lovely sub, baby,” he cooed and Yoongi snuggled into his chest, humming faintly at the well-deserved praise.

They stayed like this for quite a while, Yoongi still kind of coming down from his height and trying find back to earth. Namjoon noticed this and decided to leave the bathroom to get a change of scenery which usually also helped the younger to find back to reality. He moved them to the bedroom where he dressed the student in a pair of underwear and one of his own shirts before he dressed himself, the younger smiling at him in a dazed manner which made him chuckle and shake his head. “Are you feeling good, baby?” he asked and Yoongi hummed softly, rubbing his cheek against the elder’s chest. “Yes, sir,” he sighed happily, Namjoon running a hand through his damp hair and feeling completely content with himself. “That’s good, that makes me very happy, baby.”

Yoongi just mumbled something incomprehensible in return.

The elder continued stroking his hair for a while before he kissed his cheek and whispered, “Thank you for your services,” into the younger’s ear who sighed once more, not letting go of him.

“Hungry,” he mumbled after some time, Namjoon raising an eyebrow. “You’re hungry.”

“Mhm.”

“Well, what do you feel like eating?” he asked, Yoongi looking up at him like the cute, fluffy marshmallow he was after getting all high during a scene that didn’t involve rough sex but more of the older humiliating him to no end and getting him to turn into a complete crying mess. “Curry,” he said, puffing his cheeks and the lawyer almost squealed - he did -, pinching them and squishing his boyfriend’s face slightly. “Fuck, how can you be this adorable?” he asked no one in particular before nodding his head with a smile. “Curry it is.” He ever so slowly removed his arms from around Yoongi, never doing this too quickly because sometimes the younger was especially clingy and didn’t want his lover to leave even if it was just for a moment but today he seemed to be okay with, smiling cutely when the elder wrapped a fluffy red blanket around his shoulders that he sometimes used to turn his boyfriend into a sushi roll.

Yoongi seemed to feel especially hungry after their little enema session, wolfing down his entire serving which wasn’t always the case, and even stealing some from Namjoon’s, offering him some sweet smiles in return and a curry flavored kiss.

“You liked it?” the lawyer asked later in the evening. “Not the curry I mean.”

“Mhm, felt good,” Yoongi almost purred, seating himself in his boyfriend’s lap and making him wrap his arms around his waist before he snuggled into his blanket again. “You were really stepping up your game with your dirty talk,” he mumbled with a small grin.

“Well, if you turn into such a mess because of it who am I not to use it to my advantage?”

“Hm, kinky,” Yoongi snickered, leaning back a bit and closing his eyes.

“Only for you, love.”

Yoongi's smile widened even more and he moved a hand to intertwine it with one of Namjoon's. "Sap," he mumbled, the elder kissing his nose and causing him to giggle. "Just for you."

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